

HOW ARE YOU? JOHN MORGAN.



COMIC SONG,

A SEQUEL TO HERE'S YOUR MULE.

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H · O · W · A · R · E · Y · O · U ; J · O · H · N · M · O · R · G · A · N :

Allegro non Tanto.

A fa - mous Reb - el once was caught, With sab - re bright in

hand, Up - on a Mule he ne - ver bought, But press'd in Ab - ram's

land, The Yankees caught his whole command, In the great O-hi - o

State; And kept the Lea-der of the band, To change for Col-nel

CHORUS.
Streight Then raise the shout, the glo-rious shout, John Morgan's caught at

last, Pro-claim it loud, the land throughout, He's in to pri-son



2

A felon's cell was then prepared,
At David Tod's request,
And in Columbus prison shared
The convict's shaven crest.
And thus the Rebel chieftain's pride,
They sought to humble low,
But Southern valor don't subside
Nor less in prisons grow.

CHORUS. Then raise the shout, &c.

3

But Prison fare he did not like;
And sought a time to leave,
And with Greenbacks and pocket knife
The keepers did deceive.
They say he dug a tunnel 'neath
Its grated walls so grand,
And from the North he took "french leave"
Away for Dixie's land.

CHORUS. Then raise the shout, &c.

4

John Morgan's gone like lightning flies,
Through every State and Town;
Keep watch, and for the famous prize
Five Thousand dollars down.
But he is gone, too late, too late,
His whereabouts to find,
He's gone to call on Col. Streight
Way down in Richmond town.

CHORUS. Upon his Mule, He's gone they say
To Dixie's promised Land,
And at no very distant day
To lead a new command.

